msa_sc5130_scm12192-0183 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

23D YEAR—NO. 5. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,149.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 1st Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing	8:39 a m	3:09 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, Aug 9 General Manager.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.			Stations.	Westward.		
Leave.				Arrive.		
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.		No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 15	Piedmont	11 00	6 00	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 30	Barton	10 50	5 49	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 40	Lonaconing	10 42	5 39	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 52	Midland	10 29	5 28	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 55	Ocean	10 26	5 24	11 07
7 00	12 39	7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 19	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 11	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 25	Morantown	9 52	4 54	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 32	Mount Savage	9 46	4 50	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 37	Barrelville	9 38	4 44	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 39	Patterson's	9 35	4 42	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 37	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 47	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 35	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 00	Cumberland	9 15	4 25	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				Leave.		

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

No baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON, May 27 Superintendent.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 1893.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
11:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	11:15 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	2:45 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12:20 a m	....No. 4 Express....	12:30 a m
12:30 p m	No. 116 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
11:20 p m	....No. 7 Express....	11:30 p m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
5:21 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:30 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:20 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
4:35 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:45 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	4:35 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday		7:40 a m
" 11—Mail	leaves	3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited	leaves	4:30 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives		2:30 a m
" 12—Mail "		1:45 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday		7:35 p m
" 6—Limited	leaves	2:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, May 27 Acting Agent.

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

WINTER TIME.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE.

Bang, bang! "In heaven's name has she gone deaf then, or has she gone to the ——?"

And the good man gave several blows from a fist as solid as a ship's mallet on the wooden shutter of his cabin.

"Open, I say! Can you be sleeping yet at this hour of the day!" he exclaimed, pressing his ear against the window, which organ was a little deafened by age and the cutting winds of the ocean.

But he could hear only the tic-tac of the tall, old-fashioned clock and the flapping of the magpie's wing, which, frightened by the noise, struck the furniture as she hopped across the room.

Soon from behind the hedge, browned by the frosts which so often lay like a fine covering of lace over the little garden, he heard a sharp, broken voice cry:

"Here I am, my man, here I am!"

A ruddy-faced woman in short skirts and a high white cap which closely fitted her tanned temples, quickly ran with bare feet across the rough pebbles and, almost out of breath, stood by him. He turned like a whirl of rude wind, angrily threw down his cap and thundered out:

"Heaven and earth! This is the way, then, that you keep the house while I am slaving on the rough seas!"

"I did not expect you so soon, my man, else"——

"I cannot return when I like. Have you not noticed the ocean black and raging like a fury?" Then snatching from the good woman's hand a great rusty key, with which she had been trying vainly to open the door, with one wrench of his powerful fingers he turned the lock and entered his domicile. It was not a luxurious room, with its cracked-tiled flooring, high chimney projecting from the tunnel, and covered with birds' wings, polished horns and other trophies of youthful days. The large bed against the mud wall was piled almost to the ceiling with mattresses and the inevitable eider-down puff, which alike served to keep out heat and cold, I suppose, since it served the year round. Two tall cupboards flanked the high clock right and left on one side of the room, and a flight of white wooden steps led to a small chamber in the roof. A door opened into a sort of shed, where the fisherman mended his nets and prepared his bait. But in spite of the poverty, the hard, wooden chairs, bed and cupboards shone as cleanly as on the day when the young couple shut out the world with the latch of the strong oaken door, thereby securing a comfort which is not always an adjunct of luxury.

In seeing the fireless hearth, the good man Mesle crossed his arms and, shaking with anger, buried his purple nose in his thick, gray beard, muttering:

"This is fine! This is comforting! Fire out. No means to have anything to warm one when coming in from cold rain and biting wind. One must go to bed with a cold stomach and sea-soaked feet. All this because the one whose duty it is to keep your home ready for you likes better to run the streets and idle it with her neighbors!"

The good wife bent over the cinders, blowing with all the strength of her inflated cheeks, but never answered a word.

"I am sure you were about to start off on another chattering tour. What a tongue you have, to be sure! Ever wagging like the tail of a fish in full swim. You'll lose it or wear it out some day, I hope."

He followed her to the fire so as to show her by the working of the index finger and the middle the movement of the forked tails of certain fishes hastily darting through the water.

Soon the kettle was singing, and the wife set the blue-figured plates on the table. Still grumbling, the fisherman sat down, drew forth his pocket-knife, cut a thick slice of dark bread and drank off, one after another, two good mugs of cider. This repast of the morning after his return from the sea, still shivering with the cold and fatigue of his work, was the best hour of his home life. He prolonged it as much as possible, spreading slowly some crumbs of butter as thin as might be on his slices of bread.

It was the moment when the chatting of his wife amused him most. After the long quiet of the night, the light gossiping was to his mind what the fire was to his body. She recounted the street and market news, the practical jokes among the neighbors and the various reports, scandalous or otherwise, that she picked up in her daily sale of fish when halting at different stations for a moment's rest from her heavy burdens.

The good man listened silently to all this chat without a movement of his tanned features. When she had finished he would say in a calm voice, while pouring for her a glass of cider:

"Come, now, that's enough for this morning. You'll bring on the pip and lose your tongue if you don't give it a rest."

That did not vex her, for she knew that, in spite of his silence or chaffing, he really liked to listen as much as she liked to talk, and even admired her for it.

But this morning she was aggravated by his digital comparison to the perpetual motions of a fish's tail. So, instead of sitting down to the table with him, she sat by the fire with her bowl of soup on her knee, giving him only the pleasure of a back view.

The warmth of the fire and repast having chased away the bad humor from the good man, he thought, in his masculine egotism, that he had only to speak in order to set the current of speech in its normal direction and activity.

"Well, well, my woman, come! What has been the gossip of this morning?" Without a movement of her chair or a turn of her head she replied:

"Really? You seem as curious about neighboring affairs as I am. Go, then, and find out for yourself."

Then, angrily, he replied:

"Have you got the pip, or have you tired your tongue? Say?"

"If I have, I am going to be quiet in order to be cured or rested."

"That will need fifteen minutes or a half-hour," he added, half mischievously, half angrily.

"It will last until you take back what you said, or talk yourself."

"Good! You have said your last word for a long time, then!"

And throwing the bread across the room into the open box he went into the shed to mend his nets. While working, he glanced from time to time into the room to mark any change in the good woman's mien. Generally in her movements she talked either to him, the cat or the bird, or hummed in her cracked voice snatches of the songs of her younger days.

From these premises the good man concluded: "She can't hold her tongue much longer, surely."

But, to his great astonishment, she swept the house, scoured the table and tiled the floor, punished the bird that had flown on the bed, shelled the beans and sat down to her knitting without opening her tight-set lips. "Thunder and lightning! She is in an obstinate humor!" thought the husband, astounded.

The morning passed thus in mutual, obstinate silence, each determined not to yield by speaking the first word.

Three or four times the fisherman left his work and stood before his wife with folded arms, smiling ironically, in the hope of forcing from her some exclamation.

She had, indeed, unusual control of her temper, for instead of obeying her first impulse to throw her ball at him, she kept on quietly knitting, giving forth no sound but that made by the quadrille dance of her bright steel needles. He could mock now as much as he pleased by imitating with his fingers birds or fishes in their swiftest movements. She would not even raise her eyes above her spectacles, and he walked back, murmuring hoarsely in his beard: "Thunder and lightning!" What, he was going to be beaten! For he felt sure if that continued he would soon be hopelessly angry, and speak in spite of himself. His ears began to burn, his nose and chin to tremble, and his hand was almost closed into a fist to strike the table and to utter a terrible oath which might frighten the bird, but would only be a triumph for his wife, who would laugh in his face and entertain her neighbors in the evening with the story.

Cost what it might he must invent something to overcome the silence of the obstinate woman. All at once a quiet laugh shook him, and, dropping his shuttle, he arose. A rich idea struck him! He had found the road to victory, which led him into the room and straight to the cupboard. He took down from one of the shelves a liquor glass, which he placed on the table with some unnecessary noise; then, with a decided step, he walked to the other, and from the deepest recess of the highest shelf brought a carefully sealed bottle, placed it between his knees, loudly scratched away the wax, and made the cork pop out with an angry explosion. It was a precious bottle of choice "Calvados," kept in strict reserve to celebrate the return of the younger sailor son. The good mother was never willing that the father should look at the bottle, even to see if it were improving with age; therefore, the noise of the uncorking struck her heart like the near sound of a pistol shot. Nevertheless she sat unflinchingly, a sphinx of immovability, even when he filled his glass with the bubbling liquor, and, tasting it with a smack, murmured to himself with a grunt of pleasure:

"That warms from head to foot! It is a cheer worth offering the king!"

The good man was terribly disappointed at the failure of his strategem. He returned to his nets, puzzling his poor old head, which was more accustomed to plan decoys for fishes than to search for ruses to overcome the caprices of women. He could only console his amour-propre by closing his fists and murmuring:

"Oh, the stubborn, stubborn mule!"

Hours of the same obstinate silence followed, but at last the good man entered the room.

"He can't bear it any longer; he's going to speak!" thought the wife, delighted at the idea of her conquest.

But instead of speaking, or even looking at her, he went directly to the high cupboard. Mounting a footstool he began to search carefully with the close attention of one who had lost something very precious. One by one he brought down piles of sheets and towels, and placed them on the bed, displaced the odds and ends of bric-a-brac accumulated during their thirty years of wedded life, which formed a mosaic and precious picture from the past.

There were bits of china bought at fairs, foreign curiosities, by the sailor boy the elder son now sleeping forever in distant China; another blue box in which was carefully preserved the bridal veil of the now aged woman, embroidered by her youthful fingers.

The husband examined each treasure most minutely, stopping to contemplate each object. He soon attacked the second cupboard.

His wife could not help a feeling of disturbance at first, which increased into anxiety that made her follow his movements with close, but secret, watchfulness. As his eagerness in searching became more intense, so her curiosity mounted to the unsupportable point.

"What in the name of heaven has he lost? It cannot be his knife, for he had it this morning in his hand. What can it be?" She continued to watch him in the hope that some gesture of his would enlighten her, or in his irritation that the name of the lost object would escape his lips.

But with a perseverance that one would never have believed of him, he continued his work until dark without even a whisper.

With the night came the tide and the hour for departure, but he seemed all unconscious of the call of duty.

Having completely scrutinized every corner and object in the second cupboard, he lighted a candle and, setting the candle-stick on the tiles, threw himself down and began to peer under the bed.

That was too much for the poor woman's power of control. Her obstinacy melted before the fire of her curiosity, and vanquished she asked:

"What in all this world are you looking for, my man?"

Jumping to his feet, he burst into a hard laugh that shook the old hut and answered:

"I often told you you'd lose or wear it out some day, but now that I've found it, take care of it for the future. After all, 'tain't worth while to lose one's"——and being given to gesture, he touched with his thumb the tip of his tongue, to indicate that of his wife, the use of which he had missed so much during the long day.—Adapted from the French, by Bolly Blake, Paris, France.

One of the Great Works for Irrigating Lands in California.

Over 4,000 feet above the sea, and nearly 6,000 feet below the great peak of San Jacinto, in Riverside County, there has now reached the height of 110 feet what is probably the best built dam in America says the Irrigation Age. It is in a very narrow gorge of solid rock, and built of blocks of granite of from three to five tons each, no small stone being used. The spaces between these are filled with rich concrete, mixed by machinery and rammed into place by steel rods.

This makes a monolith of the whole structure, with the advantage of having more flexibility than any other dam of equal strength could have.

Its factor of safety is very heavy, and its peculiar construction will make it as nearly earthquake-proof as it is possible for a dam to be.

With stone of such size, it could stand for a long time a very ample overflow, but an ample wasteway will be provided. It will be carried to a height of 150 feet, where it will hold 8,000,000,000 gallons. It may be built still higher if necessary. Though so high, it is not very expensive, on account of the gorge being very narrow for the first 100 feet.

The watershed is over 100 square miles of as good mountain watershed as there is in this part of the State. It is all high mountain, with steep slopes and an average rainfall of about forty-five inches falling in six months. When the gate was shut a few days ago one storm filled it to a depth of ninety feet, making a lake some two miles long. The lowest summer flow is enough to balance the evaporation, while the average will furnish a large amount of spring and early summer water after the lake is full.

This water will be used upon what is called the mesa in the rich valley of San Jacinto. In this valley are many thousand acres of the richest land, and 250 artesian wells are there pouring out over two thousand inches of water. This will build up one of the most prosperous settlements in the new county, with quite a town and alfalfa fields and orchards on every hand.

On the west, and some twenty to forty feet above the main valley, where the artesian belt is, lie some thirty thousand acres of bench land, that with water is the finest of fruit land, and upon which the artesian water cannot be taken.

Upon this the water from Lake Hemett will be led by pipe and cement ditch and flume down the canyon with a fall of 2,500 feet in a few miles, which will give power enough to run electric roads and lighting plants, besides considerable for manufacturing.

Upon this mesa or bench land the company already owns some 8,000 acres of choice land, over which it will distribute water, and it will undoubtedly sell water to the adjacent lands if the owners prefer to keep them instead of selling them to the company. While considerable has been done here in the past without any irrigation the use of water so far surpasses the best results without it that the sale of all the water they can reservoir is assured.

This type of dam was selected mainly on account of its economy of cement. The hauling of cement up a long mountain road was a serious item. It is much stronger than ordinary rubble masonry, less apt to crack under any sudden shock and also heavier for the same bulk of material.

Where a savage stream has to be fought and there is any question about the sufficiency of the waste way, it is the best type of dam if the cleavage of the rock will permit the getting out of large blocks. The overflow cannot tear them loose, nor can any ordinary pounding of water at the base jar it so as to injure the joints of the structure.

Its economy over rubble masonry will depend upon the price of cement at the work and upon the cleavage of the rock, it being assumed that in the case of ordinary rubble work wire rope carriers would be used to deliver stone into place.

With some rock the waste of stone too small for this type of dam, yet large enough for common rubble work, might be great enough to overbalance the difference in the amount of cement used. At all events this form makes a most safe and imposing piece of work that will endure as long as the hills in which the dam is so firmly locked.

The Chinese Empire.

The Chinese Empire was founded 2,100 before Christ, but its history does not extend above the Green Olympiads; the first dynasty, when Prince Yu reigned, 2207 before Christ; before this time the Chinese chronology is imperfect; by some Fohi is supposed to be the founder of the empire, and its first sovereign, 2247 before Christ; litreature there revived, and the art of printing practised 206 before Christ; the first history of China was published by Sematsin 97 before Christ; first grant the island of Macoa, at the entrance of the river of Canton, to the Portuguese, 1586; the country conquered by the Eastern Tartars, when the Emperor and his family killed themselves, 1635; an attempt to establish Christianity there by the Jesuits, 1692; the missionaries expelled 1724. It is fifteen times larger than Great Britain and Ireland, though not half the size of Europe.

Tomatoes Are Fruit.

Tomatoes are fruit as well as melons and cucumbers. The distinction between a vegetable and a fruit is puzzling at times. A technical difference is that a fruit incloses the seeds of the plant and matures above ground, while plant growth matured under ground is vegetable.

HOW ADLAI SHAKES HANDS.

The Vice-President an Artist in This Line of Work.

The Vice-President may properly be described as the Coquelin of hand-shaking. There is so much refinement, finish and delicacy in his work that the art of it as an art seems like nature. He has a good hand, has the tall man who carried Illinois for the Democracy, and he has the right height and pose. A man with very slender fingers leaves a snaky feeling after the ceremony, while a stumpy-fingered man with a very broad palm gives the impression of courseness, says the San Francisco Examiner.

Vice-President Stevenson's palm is slender, the fingers are firm and well-developed, all the joints seem to be in working order, and this is the way in which he shakes hands:

Standing erect, with his head thrown back, till his visitor is close to him, he has the proper pose to make the best impression. It gives him the advantage of letting you see that he is the man who is doing the hand-shaking, and that it is your hand and not his that is to be shaken.

As you approach the head is lowered with a courteous bow till you can see that he is not so bald as his pictures and does not have to wear a laurel wreath as Julius Caesar did to keep the flies off. The gray hair is fuzzy and thin, to be sure, but still there are enough spears of it to make walking as difficult as waltzing in a field of ripe corn. The well-set, deep blue eyes search out your eyes till they have your gaze firmly fixed on them, and then they soften down into a kindly, gentle glance that makes you feel that you are the object of a Vice-President's special solicitude. They are not hypnotic like Henry Markham's eyes, but receptive, as though anxious to welcome a confidence.

By this time you are close to the Vice-President, and your hand is out, but not so far that the elbow has left the side. He does not want any hand-shaking of his to look like a boy grabbing at the rings of a merry-go-round. When he has your undivided attention and gets you within the proper range for effective work, the smile broadens and your name is repeated with just the swiftness needed to convince you that he has heard it before, and will remember it as long as he lives. And right there is a feature of the art of hand-shaking that most statesmen overlook.

It does not cost much of an effort to say Mr. Jones or Mr. Walker as you would say Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Edison, to say it as though you had been yearning for years to shake the hand of the man who bore that honored name, but that emphasis is too often neglected. It is half the battle to let the man know that you recognize him as the man and not as a man.

As the name is spoken and you see that you are clearly and ineffaceably photographed on the Vice-Presidential mind, Stevenson's right hand is raised from his side by a shoulder movement and you find the little finger sides of your hand resting on his palm. Simultaneously his thumb is thrown over your forefinger and his fingers envelop yours till he has got your hand settled in the place where he can best hold it. The grip gradually tightens. At this moment you realize fully that he is in charge of the whole job and do not try to make it a two-handed affair. The pressure is firm, but evenly distributed. There is none of that attempt to reduce your hand to the size that rural statesmen often mistake for an expression of hearty warmth.

You feel that the Vice-President is accustomed to the manners of people who appreciate French cooking and grand opera. When the grip is settled to his satisfaction your hand is raised about six inches, lowered, and then raised about eight inches. Then it is brought down to the level from which it started, the Vice-Presidential fingers are loosened, your hand lies loose in his for a second, is then released and his goes back to his side. Again his head is thrown back and his eyes are taken off yours. You feel that the ceremony is at an end, the words of welcome are spoken and there is no particular reason why you should linger in the neighborhood.

In dismissing a caller Mr. Stevenson has no superiors. His manner is such that it does not occur to you that you could or would remain a moment longer, and yet you feel no sense of being shut out. To stay around after that would be like sitting in a theatre when the last curtain has fallen, as though you expected the leading man and leading lady to come out do a song and dance.

A Snake That Climbs Glass Walls.

In the Natural History Museum at Paris there is a snake that climbs up the polished glass walls of its cage. The process is described as follows, and is vouched for by M. Leon Vaillant, "Professeur d'Erpetologie:" The snake, which is thirty centimetres long, first raises its head some way against the glass, and proceeds to disgorge from its salivary and lachrymal glands an adhesive viscous fluid, by the aid of which it succeeds in drawing its whole body up the cage. A curious fact is that the end of the tail is kept tightly curled, so as to afford a broader and more substantial base of operations. This phenomenon seems to dispose of the question whether snakes are able, as reported, to climb up walls and penetrate the ceilings of houses.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Fruit in Stone.

A collector of odds and ends in New York city has a remarkable representation of fruit in stone. It is a bunch of grapes carved from amethyst of rich purple, with stem, leaves and tendrils cunningly wrought from malachite, serpentine and jade. A basket is also heaped with apples, peaches, oranges, plums, apricots and raspberries that prove on inspection to be made of malachite, rhodonite, jasper and oddly colored marbles. The Russians are clever at this kind of work, and they make handsome tables of malachite.

Lucky Thirteen.

People who think thirteen is an unlucky number seem to forget that the great Yankee nation grew from thirteen colonies.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Foot of Lumber to be Used in the Great Building.

A proposed mansion to be erected by a millionaire diamond miner in the Temescal district, near San Francisco, is to be entirely of steel. Not a foot of lumber of any shape is to be used in the building. The material will be iron, steel, aluminium, brass, bronze, platinum, silver, concrete, cement and stone and the only stone used will be sculptured marble in the stairways and the main frieze, and onyx and decorative marbles in the bath-rooms, the stairs and a few other places. Even the foundations will be of steel and concrete. The floors will be of concrete, brass and aluminium, the walls of steel and the roof of steel, brass and copper.

The inside walls will be some of oxidized sheet iron, some brass, covered with a preparation that protects the burnish of the metal, some copper, some nickel, and so on to correspond with the decorations of the room. The ceilings will be arched and relieved here and there with great brass medallions. The partition walls will be composed of metal grilles extending from floor to ceiling, arranged in various designs; forming a vast network, through which the visitor can see from the grand stairway at one end to the grand ballroom at the opposite end. "Architecture and Building" does not mention the material for doors. Presumably they will be of iron. The proprietor of this house, Ralph Brisbane Nonesuch, is reputed to be worth $25,000,000.

Gay Attire of Peasants.

It is only among the rural classes that anything approaching artistic-looking dress is at present to be found, says the London Telegraph. If we turn to Italy we must begin by giving up male Italians in despair from the artistic point of view.

The slop-shop is king from the Alps to the Adriatic, and "store clothes" are now the universal wear—"pot" hats, suits of "dittoes" and ulsters having replaced the romantic garments in which the people of the sunny land once rejoiced.

In the Italian cities also there is little that is distinctive to be found in the dress of the women of the industrial orders, while in Rome the picturesquely attired women who have been banished by the police from the steps of the Trinniti del Monti, but who still, with their ragged and quaintly dressed little children, ile about the Piazza di Spagna and the Via Condotti, are, in a great many instances, professional mendicants, who pretend to be artists' models.

When the begging season is at an end—that is to say, when the tourists have left the Eternal City—the picturesquely clad women, with the white "fazzoletti" on their heads, retire to their villages to live for a while in comfort on the profits of their Roman solicitations of alms, and there, perhaps, they may continue to assume their traditional costumes.

Pretty dresses may also be seen with frequency in Southern Italy, particularly in the villages around the Bay of Naples, in Calabria and in Sicily. The south of Spain is again a happy hunting ground for pictorial peasants' dresses.

The gypsies, too, who swarm both at Seville and at Granada, are sufficiently picturesque, although in the way of cleanliness and completeness of garments they have a good deal to be desired.

It is perhaps in Switzerland, the Tyrol, in South Germany, in Austria, in Hungary, in Norway, and throughout Southeastern Europe that picturesquely clad peasant women are most abundantly in evidence.

Varied and really eye-gladdening gear is assumed by female Hungarians, Styrians, Wallachians and Dalmatians, comprising, as the costumes do, lancer caps, furred pelisses, braided jackets, baggy trousers, plaited pigtails and other eccentricities of feminine garb.

Not Hard to Please.

Comedian Nat Goodwin is in this city rehearsing for his new play. His latest story deals with a tough poker game in a Western mining village, says the Chicago Post.

Two sharpers have a supposed victim in tow. They are after his cash, and they mean to get it by fair means or foul—especially foul. So one of them stands behind the "sucker" and signals the hands he holds to his partner.

Their code of signal is simple in the extreme. One finger laid on the table means that the man has a pair; two fingers signals two pair; three fingers three of a kind; four fingers a straight; and the whole hand a flush. Now the "sucker" is not too green, and he soon drops to the signal game. He gets two pairs, the man behind him lays two fingers on the table by him, and, quick as a flash, the stranger draws a knife and slashes the two fingers off. Of course there is an uproar. The stranger is taken in charge by the marshal, and the pal of the card sharp is taken to the hospital. The next day the sharper calls on his maimed friend and finds him sitting up in bed nursing his bandaged hand and singing gayly to himself. The visitor is astonished.

"Well," he ejaculates, "you have a heap of nerve. How can you sit there and sing with two fingers lost?"

"Easiest thing in the world, my boy," says the patient. "I think that I am the luckiest man on earth. Suppose that chap had held a flush instead of two pairs. I would have lost my whole hand."

The Human Skin.

The human skin is composed of three layers, averaging in all between one-twelfth and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and in extreme cases as much as one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The skin area of the average adult is therefore estimated at 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is daily and hourly subjected to a pressure of 280,000 pounds. Each square inch of the skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiration pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch in length, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,156 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

It is the comic opera composer who is most apt to "steal a march" on us.

NATURES USELESS GIFT.

THE VERMIFORM APPENDIX AND THE TROUBLE IT HAS CAUSED.

Science Advances to the Rescue and Shows the Only Way to Safety—The Cause of More Deaths Than Consumption—Developed in the Last Five Years.

Will the coming man have a vermiform appendix? Who has not heard of that troublesome little pouch in the abdominal regions which serves no good purpose, but is responsible for thousands of deaths each year?

Emmons Blaine, Senator Hagan and hundreds of other persons of prominence had trouble with the vermiform appendix—and they died.

Now science is asking in all seriousness whether the vermiform appendix shall be allowed to exist; whether it shall not be removed entirely before it has the opportunity to poison and destroy.

Prof. B. G. Wilder has said flatly that children should be relieved of the vermiform appendix, just as they are vaccinated; but other students in this new field are not yet ready to pronounce in favor of so radical a scheme.

Physicians have known for centuries that the vermiform appendix existed, but it was not until 1888—not until five years ago—that any one of the profession had the daring to make an incision into the abdominal cavity and remove this rank offender against the laws of health.

The attack on the vermiform appendix is but five years old, but it is being prosecuted with remarkable vigor in New York city, where it originated, and the reason is not far to seek. It is simply because physicians feel sure that they have evidence that appendicitis, as disease of the veriform appendix is named, causes more deaths every year than consumption, the long acknowledged chief among fatal diseases.

The appendix vermiformis in normal condition is about the size of a lead pencil and about six inches long. It is very well shown in a specimen which was removed at a clinical lecture at the Post-Graduate Medical School on January 13, 1893. This appendix had ulcerated and increased in size somewhat, but gave a very fair idea of the part. When perfectly normal it so compares with an ordinary lead pencil that it is most frequently described as like it. It is a pencil that writes only death warrants.

Even to-day, very few physicians outside of New York city have any accurate knowledge of appendicitis, or would undertake an operation for the removal of the appendix. So entirely is the discovery of the disease and the proper method of treating it an American development of knowledge and practice, that among scientists of other countries to-day appendicitis is known as "the American disease."

Speaking in the light of recent research, it seems safe to say that appendicitis is far more prevalent than consumption, and in just that proportion causes more deaths, the chief difference being that the cause or seat of appendicitis may be removed bodily with success in most cases, and success means restoration to perfect health.

The removal of the vermiform appendix in the early stages of an attack of appendicitis is now held to be one of the safest of surgical operations, while such an operation, when the case has come to near its last and fatal stage, is one of the most desperate. The sad case of Senator Hagan is one in point. He had long desired an operation, but it had been delayed until too late for an assured success.

And now, after all these facts are recited, recurs the question of whether the coming man will have a vermiform appendix. It is not meant by this to inquire whether the coming man will have his appendix slain lest it slay him. A much wider question is indicated. The number of appendices removed in this city since the discovery that such an operation could be safely performed is very great, all things considered. One general practitioner, not a surgical specialist, told the representative of the World that he had removed 100 appendices in two years. Possibly a thousand appendices have been removed since the first operation of this sort in 1888, and most of these in the past three years. What follows? If such a rate is to be maintained there will soon be a very large proportion of the people of New York city who have eliminated their vermiform appendices, and we are glad of it. Will the children of these people be likewise possessed of vermiform appendices? Undoubtedly. But should the eliminating process be continued for a few generations, how long would it be before this useless and dangerous, degenerate and rudimentary portion of the body will be permanently bred out of existence?—New York World.

Didn't Overlook Any.

"There is a young country boy staying at our boarding-house," writes a correspondent, "who is a perfect little gentleman in his way. The other day he brought his sister in to dinner and gave her a general introduction somewhat as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is my sister.' Then he electrified the gathering by continuing: 'My sister, these are ladies and gentlemen.' Whereat the ladies and gentlemen present were highly delighted."—Tit-Bits.

The Creole.

A creole, strictly speaking, is any person born in this country or the West Indies of European ancestors; also any person born in or near the tropics, and this is the sense in which the word is usually employed. The use of the word, however, has been by some restricted first to children of foreign parents born in Louisiana, and, second, to children of Spanish or French parents born in Louisiana, and then in the North the word has been perverted so that it is believed to imply some strain of negro blood in a person to whom it is applied. It does not imply anything of the sort.—New York Herald.

Already Done.

Starter—I met a man this morning who said I looked like you.

Smartley—Tell me who he is and I'll go and knock him down.

Starter—I did that myself.